

in big demand for pleasure driving—four miles in thirty-two minutes; eleven miles in an hour and three-quarters.

On the score of longevity, the average pony will outlast three generations of children. One frisky fellow at the World's fair was fifty years old, but did not indicate twenty in look or movement. A youngster of forty-five at Lafayette, Indiana, was surprisingly agile, even to the family in which he was owned for years. They thrive so luxuriantly on so little that every mud-hole is a Ponce de Leon spring to them.

In appearance the Shetland shows a rather short head, small muzzle, and with refinement in every line. The eyes are set wide apart, are large and fawn-like, quite prominent and full of intelligence; the ears are set well back, fine-pointed and carried forward; the mane and forelock are long and thick, the tail quite heavy and long, and the back short and strong, the chest very wide and indicative of great lung power. Summed up for points, the Shetland pony is exactly what a study of his features and anatomy indicates: sturdy and good-tempered companion for children, entirely safe for their use, and a strong, willing and worthy animal for many an adult use.



Posing for His Photograph

Heard the Lecture

TWO of the Chicago Art Institute students have an unusual but decidedly pleasant reason for remembering F. Hopkinson Smith's recent lecture on "Venice."

On the afternoon of the address given especially for the students the hall was so crowded that two young women could not find standing room. They were turning away, when the lecturer himself appeared in the corridor.

In their eagerness to get a second glimpse of him, the two girls involuntarily tiptoed after him.

Mr. Smith, hearing footsteps behind him, and catching his name uttered in excited whispers, paused suddenly to ask the embarrassed pair if they had spoken to him. One of the maidens blushing explained their presence in the corridor.

"Couldn't get in!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, gallantly offering an arm to each distressed damsel. "Bless you, my dear young ladies, you're going right in with me. You shall hear every word of that lecture from the very best seats in the house."

And they did, for Mr. Smith placed chairs for them at the back of the stage.

When the Chinaman Plays Ball

EZ regards the Chinese army," says Colonel Jefferson C. Montgomery, gravely caressing his white goatie,

"I ain't had no confidence in the soldierly qualities o' the Chink ez a disciplined fighter in the arena o' the world's armies, sence I saw a Chinese base-ball game in San Francisco.

"You may say that between fightin' an' base-ball playin' there ain't no direct psychological relation, but you're wrong. The sperrit that's goin' to reach the home-plate or die, after leavin' third, is the same sperrit that wades through rivers o' blood to plant the beloved colors on the bastion; but sence that game my mind ain't ben picturin' Chinks on bastions, not to any great degree.

"Hereditry an' tradition are both agin' it. Heave a ball sudden at a Chink, an' his first thought is that it's a brick, an' his irresistible impulse is to dodge it an' blow a p'leece whistle. Balls, ez a rule, is heaved sudden in a base-ball game, an' there ain't no way of eliminatin' this shock to the Chinese nerves that I know of, short o' cocaine.

"An' what would you do with a nine that was dopey? They'd be layin' down an' smokin' opium on every base to git stren'th to continue.

"This here game that I saw warn't no way a serious contest of nerve an' skill. It was more like a Oriental vawdlyville show. I was deeply interested myself in studyin' the Mongolian nature under unnach'ral conditions; but most o' my five thousand feller spectators simply laid on their backs an' hollered. They had to recline on the ground an' relax in order to laugh hard enough to completely relieve their feelin's. I got to laughin' myself, finally, an' disremember ever laughin' so continuous, an' with sech gay abandon, ez on that occasion.

"The Chinks lined up all right, havin' been drilled for weeks by two half-breed interpreters in the p'leece courts, an' went to their places with sech dignity that we expected a pretty hot game. Then the orchestry, which sat on the ground back o' the umpire, commenced to play a prayer o' victory to the gods on various kinds o' kitchen-ware, an' the struggle begun.

"Wah Chow?" says the pitcher perlutely to the striker. "Ban Chow," says the striker, meanin' low ball. By way o' preparation for the ordeal, the man at the bat then commences to whirl his bat round an' round like a windmill. When it gets to whizzin' pretty fast the pitcher lets go the ball, an' that got the first laugh. He just ladles it out with a' under-hand motion an' sends it in in a curve like a camel's hump. He hands him that ball ez careful ez a plate o' chop-suey full to the brim which he's afraid o' spillin'.

"The striker misses it, and the catcher stops it, an' the striker who is now whirlin' round at full speed hez to be slowed down an' stopped by the umpire. All the Chinks on both sides is now crazy with excitement, an' the outfield, unable to control itself, hez crept in unconscious, nearly to the bases.

"The second ball he hits somehow, and you'd think

By WILLIAM J. LEWIS

from the yells an' wild disorder that it was a fire in Chinatown. Every man jack o' 'em starts after the ball, while the striker, goin' clon—clon—clon in his junk shoes, sets sail for first ez majestic ez a full-rigged ship passin' Fort Point for furrin parts. His right shoe flies off, an' he runs off the line an' gets it, and then continues his *pasear*; but don't get there till the short-stop, helped by two others, has run to the base with the ball, an' stands on the bag yellin' wild and threatenin' the striker with death if he dares to put his foot on it, which he don't. The shoe question ain't down in the rules, an' the striker appeals to the crowd, which says that he's perfectly right; that any man is li'ble to lose his shoe, an' no gentleman can be expected to run without it—an' so the base is allowed.

"It's gen'rally held among the spectators, judgin' from the scowls an' mutterin's, that the man will be murdered before he can make second. A committee of three, composed of the short-stop, third-base an' left-field, come over to first an' watch diligent if he takes his clapper the least fraction of an inch off the base. If he does, they give the alarm an' there's the deuce to pay, an' ez he's now thoro'ly scared he don't do it agin.

"The second striker now takes his place, an' whirls his bat round like a windmill ez before, but more ferocious. His blood being up through the excitement, he also makes frightful faces at the pitcher, this bein' a strong holt in the Chinese method of warfare. The pitcher ain't been picked without a proper knowledge o' his abilities in this necess'ry accomplishment, an' the faces he puts up in return are somethin' turrible, ez also his language. The names them two called each other were the worst I ever heard, an' I've heard mule-drivers in Barcelona.

"The catcher, who's goin' to get that man on second or die in the attempt, comes up under the bat an', unable to see the whirlin' buzz-saw, gits closer an' closer to the invisible ring o' danger. Finally the pitcher, after a masterpiece of facial contortion that would scare a Cossack off his horse an' scare the horse back to Siberia, ladles out the ball. The catcher sticks his neck forward like Mary Stuart on the block, an' gits a crack on his medulla oblongata that sounds all over the field.

"He drops senseless, of course, an' the outs yells with joy an' triumph, this bein' the first vis'ble point of vic'try that they've scored. A substitute is put in after a good deal of argyment, he premisin' that he's to have ten dollars in good money an' not go nearer the bat than twenty feet. Meanwhile the striker, who has made the first kill, is the hero of the hour, an' his proud an' haughty expression is the first thing that makes me laugh. The rest o' the five thousand is by this time beyond control.

"The game proceeds, an' the man on first, seein' the catcher about half a block behind the bat, starts to run second. The committee promptly gits after

him, though he's goin' like a scairt dog. His pigtail, which has hitherto been coiled so tight on his head that he couldn't shut his eyes, gits astray an' sticks straight out behind like a rod, an' the short-stop, gittin' within reach, gives it a yank that loosens all his teeth. The three is on him in a second an' throw him down an' hold him, yellin' frantic for the ball.

"The catcher, which has stopped it with his shoes, comes runnin' up at full speed with it, an', bendin' over the unfortunate runner like he was a kitten, swats him in the face with it, amid blood-curdlin' yells of joy from his nine.

"Try that again you Canton thief!" says the catcher, an' the runner, feelin' that he has been put out pretty thoro'ly, goes rampagin' through the crowd lookin' for a highbinder. I s'pose that the snowball of paid assassinations which arose from that there game is a-rollin' yet.

"By this time the crowd is simply fev'rish to take a hand in the fun, an' some small boys, born in San Francisco, has stole the burnin' punks from the soup tureen in front of the orchestry, an' is engaged in stickin' them under the waist bands of the Chinks who are lookin' on absorbed in the game. Every now an' then a Chink rolls over frantic on his back, surrounded by smoke from his clothes, an' yellin': 'Big Six, Big Six!' which is the name of the Dupont-street engine house, an' is the Chinese way of requestin' the presence of the fire department. This only adds to the excitement, ez the pitcher catches a soft little fly-ball in his apron. The third man strikes out, an' the strikers go out breathin' vengeance an' blue murder.

"The new pitcher, who can throw Melican fashion, comes up at half-range, an' begins to fire hot shot at the striker's head. The catcher thinks this is turrible funny, but while he is explainin' to a friend, just over, how thoro'ly funny it is, he gets the fourth ball himself between the eyes, an' goes runnin' round in a circle like a crazy hen, squallin' and tryin' to borrow a pistol.

"The score o' the game is bein' kept in Chinese, which is the only language which can do it justice, an' it proceeds till a big, brawny Chink wash-woman manages to get around the bases. He scatters the enemy like chaff whenever they try to stop him, an' rips up the bases as he goes an' takes them along with him, which is his idea of a warrior's triumph. When he comes chargin' down from third, with all the bags an' stakes in his arms, he gets a cheer from the assembled populace sech as no hero ever got before or since.

"This masterpiece o' strategy tells the crowd at the bat that the jig is up, an' nothin' will relieve their feelin's but a free fight, in which the spectators, havin' paid their money, nacherally takes a modest part.

"That game, I think, ackerately describes the Chinese in warfare," says the colonel. "Unless makin' faces will cause the chargin' Cossack to turn tail an' charge equally rapid in the other direction for home an' mother, there ain't no immortality in warfare set aside an' waitin' for the Chink."